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Come in Beautiful Dreams.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Come, in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh I come to me, oh,
When the light wing of sleep
On my loom lies soft;
Oh I come when the sea
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats soft on the air,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest blue,
When the dew's on the flower,
And the stars on the dew.
Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh I come and we'll stray
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the leaves kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lesson they teach.
Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh I come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love, through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand,
On our dream wings we'll go
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on the bright clouds we'll linger,
Of purple and gold,
Till the angels shall envy
The bliss they behold.

Hope.

Never despair! The darkest cloud
That ever loomed will pass away;
The longest night will yield to dawn—
The dawn will kindle into day.
What if around thy lonely bark
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow
Stretch every oar there's land ahead
And thou wilt gain the port of morn.
When fortune frowns and summer friends
Like birds that nestle round thee, depart;
Some, if the breeze, oh! tropic warmth,
Will stay and cheer thee round thy heart—
If thou art poor, no joy is won,
No good is gained by sad repining;
Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be gathered for the mining.
There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe—
The light of hope will linger near,
When widest beats the heart's emotion
A talisman when breakers roar,
To guide us o'er life's weary ocean.
The farmer knows not if his fields
With food or wealth must cope,
He questions not the fickle skies,
But ploughs and toils in hope—
Then up and strive and brave, and do,
Nor doubt a harvest thou wilt gather;
'Tis time to labor and to wait,
And trust in God for genial weather.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

An Exceedingly Interesting Letter
From Col. H. St. Louis—
Count of the Centennial Exhibition.

Correspondence of the Hartford Herald.
PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1876.
705 Sanson Street.

To the surviving officers and men of the
17th Regiment of Kentucky Volunteer
Infantry.

COMRADES:—I esteem it quite a privilege that I am permitted to address you a letter through the HARTFORD HERALD, in which it can be read by all. In order, however, to make my letter interesting, possible, to you and to the readers of the HERALD, generally, I shall give you a short account of the Great Centennial Exposition now being held in this place.

You will, no doubt, find in the newspapers more interesting accounts than any that I can give you, but I hope you will feel the same degree of pleasure in reading what I write that I do in preparing it for you because it is from your old commander.

I can call to mind now that during the war, and while on march, some of you furnished me with "hard-tack" and "saw-belly" from your haversacks when I was unprovided for, and that they were all the sweeter because of your evident pleasure in relieving my wants; and now that we cannot meet in person, we can hold converse through the HERALD.

I wish very much that every one of you could see our great show. It would occupy your time profitably for months. For I assure you it is a much greater show than any description of mine can convince you that it is. I hope, too, that the facts I shall detail will effect this good result, that they will convince all who read, that it will not cost so much money to come here and spend a few weeks, as many have been led to believe by reading newspaper accounts. In the first place, persons living a long way off naturally suppose that this city must be full of strangers, and that it is difficult to get food and lodging, and that these accommodations must be very high. But such is not the case. Upon our great street for stores and hotels (Chestnut street) you can barely perceive that there are more people in the city than usual, but upon other streets you cannot. I have before me one of our city papers, "The Press," in which thirty-one hotels

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JULY 5, 1876.

NO. 26.

ADVERTISING RATES.

| | 1 Week | 2 Weeks | 1 Month | 3 Months | 6 Months | 1 Year |
|----------|--------|---------|---------|----------|----------|--------|
| One inch | \$1.00 | \$1.50 | \$2.00 | \$3.00 | \$4.00 | \$5.00 |
| Two | 1.75 | 2.50 | 3.50 | 5.00 | 6.50 | 8.00 |
| Three | 2.50 | 3.50 | 5.00 | 7.00 | 9.00 | 11.00 |
| Four | 3.00 | 4.50 | 6.00 | 8.50 | 11.00 | 13.50 |
| 5 Col. | 4.00 | 6.00 | 8.00 | 11.00 | 14.00 | 17.00 |
| 6 Col. | 5.00 | 7.50 | 10.00 | 14.00 | 18.00 | 22.00 |
| 7 Col. | 6.00 | 9.00 | 12.00 | 17.00 | 22.00 | 27.00 |
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For shorter time, at proportionate rates.
One inch of space constitutes a square.

A Child of Shadows.

Months ago a Detroitier was sent to the house of correction for habitual drunkenness. The wife, a hard-working woman and sorely afflicted in health, managed to provide food and fuel for herself and child until the other day, when death came to end the struggle. The little girl, hardly eight years old, was all alone in the house when her mother died. The event occurred at dark, and at midnight the child was heard singing in the darkness. A pedestrian who halted heard her say:

"Mother, won't you wake up and light the lamp! If you will I will sing some more!"

Suspecting what had happened, he roused some of the neighbors, and they went in. The child sat in the darkness, holding its mother's cold hand and singing:

"The Lord will lead a little child
And teach me how to pray."

A dark room, death on the bed, poverty, hunger and cold to make her situation more desolate, and yet the child of shadows was not afraid. She said:

"I kept still a long while to let mother sleep. Then I sang all my songs to keep me awake. Then I looked out of the window and didn't move, so that the angels wouldn't be afraid to come and talk to her and make her smile! I wish God had made more daylight for poor folks!"

Wasn't Invited.

A business man accented a gentleman from the country the other day, saying:

"Why don't you trade with me?" "Because," said the individual, "you have not extended an invitation to me to do so. I read the county paper every week, and I have never seen an advertisement of yours in it, and I never go to places that I am not invited."—[Knoxville Tribune.]

A gentleman gave his servant-maid the following character the other day: "The bearer has been in my employ a year minus eleven months. During that time she has shown herself diligent at the house door; frugal in work; mindful of herself; prompt in excuses; friendly toward men; faithful to her lovers; and honest when everything had vanished."

THERE is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects and terrible; the latter on small things and pleasing. We submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered into compliance. —[Burke.]

Six months of leap year have gone down the cycles of time and we have not heard of a single instance in which a young lady has been arrested for loafing, around church doors and spitting tobacco juice on gentlemen's clothes. The ladies don't assume their special privileges worth a cent.

THERE is no better every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it.

NATURE is a book of sweetness and glowing purity, and on every illuminating page the excellence and goodness of God are divinely portrayed.

MANY a man who has not a cent in his pocket owns a corn which he would not allow you to step on for the world. —[Danbury News.]

THE difference between an overcoat and a baby is: one you was and the other you wear.

ANOTHER conscientious man is opposed to opening the centennial exposition on Sunday. He says Sunday is the only day he gets time to go fishing. —[Norristown Herald.]

MAY does not want to be an angel until he has failed at everything else.

CHILDHOOD is the secret laboratory where all manner of hidden processes are being evolved for development and perfection hereafter.

"Py Shiniay, how dat pey studied de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a bear-eyed son of a saw-horse. —[Boston Globe.]

South Carrollton Male and Female Institute.

The third annual commencement exercises closed on the night of the 23d instant.

The success of this institution is without a parallel in the history of the schools of this section of the State. Three years ago, Prof. Alexander, supported by leading citizens of this community, undertook the establishment of a graded school in this town. During the three scholastic years that have elapsed, 437 students have matriculated, while the average attendance has been 147. There were 173 matriculates in the last term, while the satisfaction given to the patrons has been all that the most sanguine desires of both principal and teachers, could have reasonably anticipated. The late examination was of the most creditable character, as it related to both teachers and pupils. Its rigid thoroughness was observed by all who witnessed it, while the felicitous ease with which the students met the duties of the occasion, was the subject of universal admiration. The essays, recitations and orations, were of a most superior character, both as it related to matter and delivery.

The unanimous sentiment seemed to be that the young ladies and gentlemen had done honor, both to themselves and the Institute.

The evenings, during the examination, which extended through four days in all the departments, were occupied in the Baptist church by a most excellent exhibition, embracing in great profusion all the modern features and attractions. The popularity of this entertainment was evinced by the immense crowd in attendance, composed of all classes, old and young, and from home and abroad, all of whom manifested the liveliest enthusiasm in the performances.

Dr. Coleman made the commencement address to a full house of highly intelligent and deeply interested auditors, who manifested an enthusiastic appreciation of topic discussed and the masterly manner in which it was presented.

The last evening was made peculiarly interesting by two circumstances, namely: The farewell address of Prof. Atchison, and the valedictory by Miss Jennie D. Moorman, who also graduated, having pursued the full course required of female students. The Professor's address was full of affectionate sympathy, which met a most affectionate response from the school, which was evidenced by many tears, and other tokens of devoted attachment.

Miss Moorman, who is one of the brightest students and most modest young ladies that we ever saw graduate, bore herself with womanly fortitude as she performed her duties, and then wore away the first honors of the Institute most gracefully. Thus closed one of the most interesting, pleasant and enjoyable commencements that it ever has been our good fortune to attend.

The past success of the Institute, is the strongest guarantee of its future prosperity. The school will be thoroughly reorganized for the opening on the first Monday in September next, by multiplying the departments, and the employment of three new professors, embracing languages and higher mathematics, vocal gymnastics, vocal music, elocution and penmanship.

A PATRON.

A TRIST: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.
The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.
ALWAYS refuse the advice which passion gives.
WHAT hole is it that needs stopping worse than any other? A run-hole.
If the Smiths all vote for Elect the temperance party will elect its President.

THE man who makes himself ridiculous prevents many others from becoming so.

A KISS on the forehead means reverence. But there is no fun in it worth mentioning.

LOVE is of the nature of the burning glass, which, kept still in one place fire; changed often, does nothing.

CRUSY says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

Henry Diston & Son of this city, eight feet and four inches in diameter. It was cut from a plate that was rolled in Boston. This saw would, I suppose, if run by the Corliss engine above described, cut your bridge across Rough creek lengthwise, roof and all, in about two minutes and a half.

Now, I must take you for a moment into the agricultural hall, where are exhibited all the products of the soil and all the machines for cultivating it. There I saw the trunk and main branches of a grape vine which grew in San Barbara, California. The trunk is 18 inches in diameter, and when growing green the branches and leaves covered an acre of ground. Here, also, I saw the stuffed skins of two hogs raised in New Hampshire. The work had been so nicely done that I did not see a stitch or a seam. Artificial eyes had been put into the eyesocket, and the skin looked like real hogs'. One of them lived only 21 months and 4 days, and when killed weighed 1317 pounds, and during the time he was fattening, he gained 120 pounds in weight per month or eight consecutive months. The other, lived only 19 months and weighed 253 pounds. They were made to stand upon their feet, and from the nose to the root of the tail were 8 feet long.

The art gallery contains pictures and statues from all the countries on the face of the earth. Horticultural hall contains trees, plants and flowers from all lands.

The United States Government has put up a building costing \$800,000, and it is filled up with a vast number of interesting things. For instance, the first thing I saw was a collection of wax figures of soldiers dressed in the different kinds of uniform that have been in vogue at various periods since the war of the Revolution. I looked intently for a little while at a row of them dressed in the uniform worn by our boys during the late unpleasantness. But I soon moved away, for I felt like some fellow was just about to step out of the ranks and ask me for a pass to go out and get "some milk"—so I hurried off.

There is too much of it. I cannot describe any more of it in one letter. I must give you another piece of information, which I think will interest you. On the 6th and 7th of July next, the surviving officers and soldiers of the grand old army of the Cumberland have a reunion here, where all the old soldiers can see each other. I am one of the managers, and am gratified to see here so many soldiers of that army. We have engaged the "Academy of Music," a building that will contain several thousand. Grant, Sheridan, Hooper, Burnside and all the great soldiers will be here, and many speeches will be made, and the proceedings close with a banquet. Now, if any of you will come about that time, you can see both shows at once. I hope to see some of you at any rate, and I shall take pleasure in being your guide, and you may extend the invitation to all the readers of the HERALD. I had rather see you here than all the crowned heads of the world. May Heaven bless you!

A. M. STOUT.

The Best Judge.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor plunged in, at the risk of his own life, and rescued him from his dangerous situation. The merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand in his pocket, and presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of insoluble scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor. "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

A Long Beard.

Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber's shop, and on the same day, to be shaved—one in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell dat man has de flashest beard I ever saw! I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-time, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never wash!"